

CITY AFFAIRS.

Members of the Council Will Not Caucus.

BONDS FOR IMPROVEMENTS.

A Bill Prepared for Submission to the Legislature—The Finance Committee—The Library Contest.

The members of the City Council failed to caucus yesterday, and it is now believed that all of the appointments, changes, etc., will be discussed and settled in open meeting of the Council. Messrs. Bernal and Kees, and the three Democratic members, Messrs. McGarry, Innes and Nickell, it is said, were willing to go into a formal caucus Friday afternoon, but Messrs. Sumner, Bernal, Alfred and T. B. Jones, objecting, saying that the meeting had not been called for that purpose. The members are evidently divided on the lines above given, but an amicable feeling seems to prevail all along the line, and it is considered probable that they will come together in the near future. Much interest is being manifested in the meeting of the Council tomorrow, as it is believed that any changes contemplated will be made at that time.

BONDS FOR STREET IMPROVEMENT.

A bill has just been prepared by the City Attorney and will be forwarded to Hon. John K. Matthews today, amending the present street law, called the Yrouman Act, in a number of particulars, the most important of which is the amendment which has for some time past been agitated by Maj. Bernal, president of the Council, consisting of provisions allowing the issuance of bonds for the payment of street improvements. The system of issuing these bonds is briefly as follows: After passing the ordinary resolution of intention to make the improvement contemplated on any street or portion of a street, which resolution contains a description of the work to be done, and the amount of the bonds to be issued, the Council advertise for bids specifying in the advertisement that the proposed improvement is to be paid for by the issuance of bonds and describing the bonds. By advertising in this manner the contractor bidding for the work is fully apprised of the terms and conditions of payment. The work is then proceeded with and under the supervision of the Street Superintendent as other street work is now done, who, after accepting said work, and delivering to the City Council an assessment roll showing the amount of work done, the total cost thereof, and the amount assessed against each lot, or portion of a lot, benefited by said improvement. He also attaches to this assessment roll a diagram showing the proposed improvement and each lot or piece of property benefited and affected thereby. After the delivery of this assessment roll and diagram to the City Council thirty days is allowed within which property-owners feeling aggrieved by any act of the Street Superintendent may appeal to the City Council from his decision, which Council have the right to remedy or correct any error committed in the proceeding or in the acceptance of the work. At the expiration of the thirty days, and after all appeals shall have been acted upon, the City Council will issue bonds, extending over a period of not to exceed twenty years, and drawing interest at a rate not to exceed 7 per cent, payable semi-annually, which will be designated as the (Blank) street improvement bonds, and will be of the nature known as serials, an equal part thereof, together with the interest on the full amount unpaid, to be paid at the expiration of the period of time over which said bonds extend. These bonds will be sold to the highest bidder, and other bonds of the city are sold, and at the same time the proceeds of the sale of the bonds and the payment of the proceeds for the cost of the work or improvement, the City Council will certify the assessment roll for said improvement to the City Assessor, who will place upon the municipal tax-roll each year a special tax upon each piece of property upon said assessment roll, equal to the annual proportion of the sum falling due upon said bonds for that year. The object of this law is to enable property-owners abutting upon the more extensive improvements, such as paving, sewerage and the making of heavy cuts or fills through the hilly sections of the city, to pay for these improvements gradually instead of being obliged to pay the whole cost of a large street improvement at one time. The payments to meet these bonds are made annually in the same manner and at the same time that municipal taxes are collected, and a very expensive and substantial improvement may be made upon property by means of this law, practically without the owner feeling the cost of the same.

THE FINANCE COMMITTEE.

The Finance Committee of the Council, Messrs. Kees, Innes and Nickell, held a lengthy session yesterday. A large number of demands were approved and the following report was adopted for submission to the Council tomorrow:

We have examined the report of the City Auditor as to the condition of the funds for week ending December 27, 1890, and recommend it to be filed.

We recommend that the report of the City Auditor on the sales of water during the month of December, 1890, be filed.

On the report of the City Assessor requesting permission to appoint one chief deputy and two office deputies to prepare the field books, etc., in the City Assessor's office, for the ensuing year, recommend the request be granted.

In the matter of the proposals to publish the city advertising during the ensuing year, we recommend that the bid of the Times-Mirror Company for city advertising, first insertion at 75 cents per inch, and for the next five insertions at 35 cents per inch, and for every subsequent insertion after the sixth, at 15 cents per inch, be accepted and that the City Attorney be instructed to draw up a contract and the Mayor authorized to sign the same on behalf of the city.

Recommended that the contract of F. M. French for the grading of Second street from Pearl street to Figueroa street be adopted, and that the Mayor be authorized to sign the same on behalf of the city.

In the matter of the petition No. 1046 of W. A. Field asking for refund account of double assessment on lot 12, block 15, Huber tract, as per certificate of tax sale No. 473 taxes of 1890-91, recommended that the sum of \$17.32 be refunded on the presentation of a proper demand drawn upon the tax fund of 1890-91, and that the City Clerk be instructed to cancel tax sale certificate No. 473.

In the matter of the petition No. 1047 of W. S. Boyd, asking for refund of \$7.43 on certificate of tax sale No. 793, taxes for the year 1889-90, on lot 60 feet front on Seventh street, commencing 35 feet east from the north-east corner of Seventh and Ceres streets, being a double of 231 east, recommended that the sum of \$7.43 be allowed petitioner upon the presentation of a proper demand drawn upon the tax fund of 1889-90, and that the City Clerk be instructed to cancel tax sale certificate No. 793.

In the matter of the petition No. 1048 from Ferguson & Briggs, asking for a return of \$60 on the ground that they have been improperly assessed for improvements on their property situated in Negro Alley for the year 1890-91, recommend that the same be allowed upon the presentation of a proper demand drawn upon the tax fund of 1890-91.

In the matter of petition No. 1049 of Joseph McKee, and another asking that tax sale certificate No. 368, taxes of 1888-89 be redeemed by the payment into the city treasury of the sum of \$4.35 which petitioners claim to be the legal amount necessary to redeem the same; recommend that the petition be granted and that the City Clerk be instructed to cancel said tax sale certificate No. 368.

Recommended that petition No. 1050 from Mrs. M. F. McKee be referred to the Board of Public Works.

Recommended that petition No. 1051 from W. Lamb be referred to the City Assessor. Recommended that the demands of Fred E. Conner for \$40.33, H. V. Van Dusen for

\$16.12, R. E. Wierching for \$16.12, George P. Melan for \$16.12, James T. Brown for \$16.12, A. H. Hamilton for \$16.12, J. Frankland for \$16.12, A. G. Shafter for \$16.12, be referred to the City Attorney for his opinion as to the legality of the said claims.

THE LIBRARY CONTEST.

Following is the petition filed by the recently-elected Board of Library Directors with the County Clerk to have their rights to the offices to which they have been chosen by the people, determined by the courts:

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the county of Los Angeles. The people of the State of California, by W. H. Hart, their Attorney-General, upon the complaint of said plaintiffs, complain of said defendants—Complainant for usurpation of office.

The people of the State of California, by W. H. Hart, their Attorney-General, upon the complaint of said plaintiffs, complain of said defendants—Complainant for usurpation of office.

That on the 1st day of December, A. D. 1890, at the city of Los Angeles, State of California, an election was duly held for the office of five trustees of the Public Library for said city, to hold office for the term of two years from the 5th day of January, A. D. 1891.

That at said election, the plaintiffs, F. R. Willis, H. H. Spencer (since deceased), J. M. Quinn, E. W. Jones and Fred Holloway, were the five persons receiving the greatest number of legal votes cast for the said offices.

That afterward, and within the time required by law, to wit: before the 1st day of January, A. D. 1891, plaintiffs severally received their certificates of election to the office of trustee of the Public Library for said city, and afterward, to wit: before the 1st day of January, A. D. 1891, they duly qualified as such trustees, and they have not since, nor has either of them, resigned, but are as plaintiffs are informed and believe, and therefore allege the fact to be, the legally elected and duly qualified trustees of the Public Library of the city of Los Angeles.

That on the 5th day of January, A. D. 1891, plaintiffs made demand upon defendants for the said office, and the books and other property belonging to the city of Los Angeles, and to be used as a Public Library, but that the said defendants refused, and still refuse, to surrender or give possession of the same to plaintiffs, and did then and there usurp said office, and have ever since withheld the same from plaintiffs.

Wherefore, plaintiffs demand judgment, First—That the defendants be removed from their offices, entitled to the said office, and that they be ousted therefrom.

Second—That the said plaintiffs, F. R. Willis, Fred Holloway, E. W. Jones and J. M. Quinn, be entitled to said office, and that they be put in possession of the same.

THE RAILROADS.

Two Serious Accidents to Employees of the Southern Pacific.

Yesterday morning at 8:30 o'clock Alexander Campbell, foreman of the Southern Pacific, was shot at the San Fernando street Depot, west with a serious accident. Campbell was walking in the yard, and noticed an engine coming toward him. He stepped from the track on which the engine in front of him was, but did not notice another engine right behind him on another track until it was too late. The engineer on the engine behind him called and Campbell attempted to get out of the way, but the engine struck him and threw him some distance from the track. When picked up it was found that his left leg and foot were badly injured and there were several bad cuts about the head and shoulders.

Dr. Ainsworth was called in as soon as possible and the wound was removed to the Sisters' Hospital, where his left leg was amputated and his other wounds were dressed. He will be confined to his bed several months, but there will be no trouble in putting him through.

Mr. Campbell has been in the employ of the company over twenty years, and has lived in this city most of the time. His wife was at Beaumont at the time of the accident.

Yesterday morning Joe Omen, an employee of the Southern Pacific Company, fell from a trolley car at the intersection of the city and Main streets, and was injured. He was brought to the city and taken to the Sisters' Hospital for treatment.

Last night the "Onion" party from Boston arrived in their private car at the depot and were transferred to the Raymond, where they will spend the winter.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

Annual Election of Officers Wednesday—General Notes.

The annual election for officers of the Chamber of Commerce takes place Wednesday next, and the secretary was busy all day yesterday mailing notices to the members.

The chamber yesterday sent to Maj. B. C. Truman for the Chicago Exhibit, one case of new potatoes, one case oranges and limes, one case green peas, beans and cauliflower, three cases pamphlets and TIMES Annuals; also one case to the State Board of Trade Exhibit at San Francisco.

The Board of Supervisors yesterday sent the chamber 2000 TIMES Annuals for distribution.

The secretary has received a letter from Maj. Truman stating that the shipments made weekly by the chamber are in splendid condition. He wants more apples, citrus fruit and oil. He says the winter vegetables stir up a great deal of attention and often raise disputes as to their being raised out of hot-houses.

The orange-growers of the country are contemplating calling a meeting at the chamber this week to look after their interests.

A Queer Case.

Yesterday afternoon about 1 o'clock a youth named T. N. Ellis was taken to the police station for medical treatment. The boy entered a saloon near the corner of Seventh and Main streets, and from his actions the proprietors thought he was insane, and called in officer Merry. The boy became so violent that the officer was compelled to subdue him. An hour or two after he was locked up, Ellis's father called at the station and took charge of his son. He said that the youth had heart disease, and that when he had an attack he was rendered almost insane. He had been at Dr. Wong's, the Chinese doctor, for the past two weeks.

Catalogue of Fine Horses.

Holbert & Conger, Importers and owners of English shire draft, Cleveland bay coach and German coach horses, have just issued a neat catalogue giving the pedigrees of the fine animals which they have in stock in their Los Angeles establishment. There are no more elegant coach horses and carriage draft horses in the world than the strains which this firm import. The catalogue above named was printed by the Times-Mirror Printing and Binding House and is a creditable piece of work.

Death of a French Pioneer Citizen.

Bernard Desbordes, a well-known French citizen of Los Angeles, died yesterday, aged 65 years. He was born at Mont-de-Marsan, in the Department of Landes, France, and came to California in 1849, having lived in Los Angeles since 1854. For many years he was engaged in the bakery business, and retired a few years ago with a small fortune. He leaves three children in this city. The funeral will take place today at 3 p. m. from the residence, No. 1615 St. John street, the religious ceremony to take place at the Catholic Cathedral on the Plaza.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were yesterday issued by the County Clerk:

Harry C. Kapp, aged 27, a native of California, and a resident of Martinez, and Laura M. Tyler, aged 27, a native of Pennsylvania, and resident of Los Angeles.

Henry W. Carter, aged 27, a native of Los Angeles, and Louise H. Bress, aged 26, a native of Wisconsin, both residents of Los Angeles.

Charles Doehrmann, aged 32, a native of Germany, and Mary Eggers, aged 30, also a native of Germany, and both residents of Los Angeles.

Orange Land and Orange Trees—ON FIVE YEARS' TIME.

The very best Orange Land in the market, with pure Mountain Water piped to each subdivided acre, with first-class orange trees, budded to Washington Navel, Malta blood and Mediterranean sweet are now offered on 5 or 6 years' time. The land is rated from \$20 to \$30 per acre, in 10 inch, native stock. Only 20 per cent cash down required. No other payment in 5 years. Interest at 7 per cent. What could a grower do more in the land trees, water and climate than this?

The land is at NORTON, adjoining RICHARDS and CRAFTON. The oldest orange groves in the country, along T. The olive, strawberry, guava, orange, peaches and apricots grow a MEXICAN, have the same superior flavor that the orange has at that altitude, and the trees produce the largest crop of any in the country of being away from the coast of the north winds.

W. P. McINTOSH, General Manager, 144 SOUTH MAIN STREET, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DR. A. WILFORD HALL'S HYGIENIC TREATMENT.

A MARVELOUS TRIUMPH OVER DISEASE Without Medicine.

Medicine has been tried for centuries with increasing quantities in order to achieve the victory of disease and accomplish the improvement of the human race, and without success, till at last the Homeopathic system have taken the more sensible course of almost entire abstinence from medicine—at least as far as it is such refined doses as to be almost imperceptible to the senses. So far at least they are right, and all the now lack is the treatment here proposed, which takes the next great step in pathological and therapeutical science and discards medicine entirely.

Let it be understood that this is no scheme of quackery to draw money out of the afflicted, nor is it any sort of a patent medicine humbug, since there is not a grain of any kind of medicine required in the treatment. Notwithstanding this fact, it takes directly hold of the worst cases of Constipation, Dyspepsia, Liver complaint, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Indigestion, Cough, Asthma, Dropsy, etc., and drives the disease out, including fever and inflammation of the lungs and other internal organs—not by attacking these so-called diseases directly, but by a steady neutralizing and removing their causes, thus a low nature herself to do her work unimpeded.

The Health Pamphlet is offered for the trifling sum of \$1.00 and a "pledge of honor" not to reveal its contents. Persons in destitute circumstances will be given a copy free of charge. Call on or address

G. S. WICKER, Agt., 101 North Broadway, Corner First st. OFFICE HOURS: 9 to 12 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

DO YOU buy roses? We have them to suit all tastes in variety, size and price. Four inches to eight feet high and from \$1 per dozen up. Tens of thousands of other plants that will please.

BASEBALL.

A Tame Game Witnessed by a Small Crowd.

THE LOCAL TEAM THE VICTORS.

The Opening Contest Between Los Angeles and San Diego for the Southern California Championship.

A rather small crowd witnessed a very uninteresting game of baseball yesterday at the Temple-street grounds. It was billed as the opening game between the San Diego and Los Angeles for the championship of Southern California.

Los Angeles had Young and Lohman as its battery, and the Garza and the several members of the team. The San Diego team had Darby in the box and Dungan, the pride of Santa Ana, behind the bat. Darby was in good shape and got in a record of seven strikeouts in yesterday's game.

Dungan, who led the State League last season in batting, played a nice game behind the bat and did some fine stick work. The San Diego team were short several men and filled in with several local amateurs, which detracted from the interest in the game.

Phil Knell wore a Los Angeles uniform yesterday, and he just served from the top of first for Los Angeles, put up good ball. Goldie, the little Los Angeles favorite, played a sloppy game in the center field, and there is one member of the Los Angeles team who must not be overlooked, and that is "Silvers." Ross, "Silvers," or "Splinters," as the boys call him, is a very handsome-looking ball-player. "Silvers" isn't an Apollo Belvidere, nor an Adonis by any means. He looks like a sausage skewer, sharpened at both ends.

But "Silvers" is rapidly developing into a ball player. He played a nice game in yesterday's game, accepted some difficult chances, got in a run and several base hits. With a little more practice "Silvers" will make as good a ball-tossing as any of them. He isn't in it, when it comes to good looks, but when there is any hard work to be done "Silvers" is right there every time.

The local team won yesterday's game by a bunching of hits, and some sharp fielding. The score at the end of the game was: Los Angeles..... 3 2 0 2 1 0 0—3 San Diego..... 3 2 0 2 1 0 0—3

NOTES.

In today's game Young and Lohman will constitute the battery for Los Angeles and Cobb and Dungan for the San Diego.

Beliz and Britton have gone to Fresno to play a few games of ball with that team.

It is said that new grounds on First street will be ready for ball-playing in two weeks.

Jim Fogarty will probably leave Monday for San Francisco to arrange for the admittance of Los Angeles into the State League. From present advice, it looks almost certain that Los Angeles will be in the league next season.

AT THE SIXTH-STREET GROUNDS.

The Eureka defeated the Ninth-street team in six-inning game yesterday morning at the Sixth-street grounds. The following is the score:

Eureka..... 1 8 3 5 5 2—24 Ninth Street..... 0 0 0 1 1 0—9

In the afternoon at the same grounds, they defeated the Garza and the following score:

Eureka..... 1 2 1 2 1 0 4—12 Garza..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

The Eureka were King and Mark for the Eureka, Hutton and Mares for the Ninth Street, and Rogers and Donnell for the Garza.

Company A's Crack Marksmen.

A year ago Company A, Seventh Infantry, N. G. C., offered to such of its members as should, during the year 1890, in six shots, in as many months (not necessarily consecutive) make an average of 35 out of a possible 50, a pair of marksmen's buttons. The buttons are two miniature targets of silver to be worn on the collar of the uniform coats, and are almost identical with those given to marksmen in the regular army, but bear on their face "Co. A, 1890." Below are the winners of the buttons with the average score made out of a possible 50:

Sergt. Harry C. Miles, 44; Private R. H. Gray, 42; Lieut. Henry Steere, 41; Corp. C. H. Henderford, 40; Sergt. J. L. A. Last, 40; Private F. B. Haven, 39; Sergt. J. H. Krier, 39; Corp. W. E. Darroct, 39; Cap. W. G. Scriber, 38; Corp. F. A. Rich, 38; N. G. Lieut. E. A. Martin, 36; Private H. S. Williams, 35; Private E. S. Hensley, 35; Sergt. F. E. Bland, 35; Corp. F. L. Baldwin, 35; Corp. R. L. Brown, 35.

PROGRESS.

It is very important, in this age of vast material progress, that remedy be peasing to the taste and to the eye, easily taken, acceptable to the stomach and healthy in its nature and effects. Possessing these qualities, Syrup of Figs is the one perfect laxative and most gentle diuretic known.

ORIFICAL SURGERY. THE NEW METHOD FOR CURING CHRONIC DISEASES.

Such as ANTHRA, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION, CHRONIC DIARRHEA, CHRONIC CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA, IN ALL ITS VARIATIONS, CHRONIC LIVER AND KIDNEY TROUBLES, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, IN ALL ITS VARIATIONS, PARALYSIS, CHRONIC HEADACHES, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, DROPSY, ETC., ETC., HEMORRHOIDS, FISTULA, FLUORE, AND ALL FORMS OF RECTAL DISEASES.

Send for book (free) which will explain to you fully what is meant by Orifical Surgery, and how it applies to the treatment of Chronic Diseases and offers a permanent cure. By the Orifical treatment of Chronic Diseases the cause of the disease is removed, and nature accomplishes the cure. If you have tried all kinds of medical treatment, and have not found relief, send for a book on Orifical Surgery and you will be convinced that there is yet a chance for your health to be restored. Most of my patients are those who have given up all hope of recovery. I have cured cases of Consumption where their families believed had died, them there was no hope for their recovery, and will gladly refer you to these cases. It will cost you nothing to investigate. Call on or address

W. E. PRITCHARD, M. D., Office hours, 12 to 4 p. m. Tel. 155. 254 S. Spring st., Los Angeles, Cal.

Immer auf dem Damm

Which means, freely translated into English, that

FRED MOHR, Wine and Liquor Dealer.

258 South Spring street, near Fourth street, is always on deck to promptly serve his friends and patrons with the very best in his line of business. He also has that his Family Trade is rapidly assuming large dimensions, and that his bottled WINES OF SONOMA

—AND HIS— OLD WHISKIES FROM KENTUCKY, Take the cake every time. It means in short that everything pertaining to a first-class liquor store can be found at

FRED MOHR'S, 258 SOUTH SPRING STREET.

Where everybody, buy or no buy, will always meet with a hearty welcome. Retailers are respectfully invited to examine our

AUCTION! AUCTION!

The Lankershim Ranch Land and Water Company, for the purpose of winding up its affairs, now offers the balance of its lands, consisting of

3000 ACRES

—FOR SALE—

JANUARY 14, 1891,

AT 25 PER CENT. OF THEIR APPRAISED VALUE!

Terms cash, payable 20 per cent on fall of hammer and balance on del very of deed and certificate of title.

Positively last opportunity to purchase these lands. Sale to commence

WEDNESDAY,

JANUARY 14, 1891, AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.

AT THE AUCTION ROOMS OF

THOMAS B. CLARK,

232 WEST FIRST ST., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

These lands are situated in the San Fernando Valley, 10 miles northwest of Los Angeles city.

The soil is a deep rich sandy loam very easy to cultivate and particularly adapted for all kinds of deciduous fruits, grains and vegetables.

No irrigation required.

Take Southern Pacific trains for Burbank. Trains leave at 7:25 a. m. and 1:35 p. m. Carriages will be in waiting for 7:30 a. m. train to show customers these lands.

For further particulars inquire at the office of the company,

151 S. BROADWAY, or W. H. ANDREWS, on the Ranch

LEWIS S. HOYT, Secretary.

ED. GERMAIN. 'NEW FIRM! J. J. SCHALLERT

California Wine Company,

IMPORTERS AND EXPORTERS OF FINE WINES, LIQUORS, ETC., 222 S. Spring Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

We handle nothing but PURE goods, and our prices are as low as the lowest, FAMILY TRADE A SPECIALTY. Telephone No. 110.

REMOVAL.

GEORGE J. BINDER,

(FORMERLY OF 223 BROADWAY)

Has removed to 310 S. Spring st., with a complete line of Fancy Furniture, Reed and Rattan Goods,

Easy Chairs, Rattan Couches, Rockers, Sewing Chairs, Smokers, Fancy Workstands, etc.

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES A SPECIALTY.

PHILANTHROPY!

Having made all the money we want we propose, during 1891, to extend an opportunity to our friends to part with some of the benefits. With this laudable ideal in view we have reduced the price of our unequalled

ORANGE AND GRAPE LAND

FROM \$2.00 PER ACRE TO \$80 AND \$100 PER ACRE,

And to people who will improve the land and plant fruit trees and vines the first year we make a discount of 25 per cent. All we ask you to pay now is

\$10 PER ACRE.

Giving you two, three and four years in which to pay the balance. Liberal discount to cash customers.

WATER—Abundant. LOCATION—San Bernardino County, five miles north of Riverside, five miles west of the city of San Bernardino.

ALTITUDE—1150 feet; almost frostless. We have 2,500 acres left of this fine orange land, and want every acre planted in fruit trees and vines before the last day of next June, and propose to make this the

PRIZE COLONY.

THINK! The very best orange land in the heart of the orange belt for \$10 to \$20 per acre, and on such terms! Go to Riverside, five miles south of us, or to Redlands, ten miles east of us, and you will find that you must pay \$20 to \$30 per acre, for land much inferior to ours.

EXCURSION

Every Friday morning on the Santa Fe Railroad to Rialto, personally conducted by L. M. Brown, to enjoy the elegant land. Fare for round trip, \$1.25, and to every purchaser of land the cost of railroad ticket is deducted from first payment.

For further particulars, maps, etc., apply to

L. M. Brown!

132 N. SPRING ST., Los Angeles, Cal., or

Semi-Tropic Land & Water Co

RIALTO, CALIFORNIA.

Dec. 4, 1890. D. GONZALEZ

MEXICAN BAZAR.

The undersigned wishes to inform the

THE HOSTILES YIELD.

They Are on Their Way to Pine Ridge to Surrender.

Gen. Miles Prepares to Head Off Any Attempts at Treachery.

Trouble Expected When the Reds are Asked to Give Up Their Arms.

Stirring Developments Expected at the Agency Today—A Threatened Outbreak in Washington—At Turtle Mountain.

By Telegram to The Times.

PINE RIDGE AGENCY, Jan. 10.—[By the Associated Press.] The report yesterday that the hostiles had at length made up their minds to return to the agency, notwithstanding it is but a repetition of what has been before announced, attracts general attention. It is now, however, generally believed that, according to the alleged programme, the hostiles are to camp to-night at the Mission, near the scene of the engagement between Gen. Forsyth and the Indians on the 25th ult. They will be met by a detachment from the agency and escorted to this place. It has not yet been determined where or when the Indians will be disarmed. In fact, it is generally believed that when the disarming is attempted trouble may be expected. It is thought that the hostiles will not be able to determine whether they should be deprived of their arms and ammunition, while the alleged friendlies may traverse the agency, as they do now, almost armed to the teeth. The selection of a spot in which to disarm the Indians is also a serious question. The work cannot be done in the middle of the agency; neither can it be done where the ground is broken. The latter place would be the Indians' traditional fighting ground, and in case of treachery great damage might be done.

Meanwhile the cordon of troops in the several commands of Brooke, Carr, Wheaton, Hillyer, Sanford and Penney is drawing closer around the hostiles. Gen. Miles today having issued orders for an advance on all sides from three to six miles. This move is being made with care. The principal idea is to keep the Indian moving toward the reservation and not give him time to follow him to halt on no spot on which he might have the advantage over the troops. Gen. Miles has ordered the displacement of the Indian police, who have been on guard duty round the agency. He will supply their places with soldiers. This move is seriously interpreted, but it seems patent, however, that the general wants only white men on duty. No reports have been received as to whose houses were destroyed Friday a Wounded Knee. At this distance it is considered the work of hostiles and is not viewed as favorable evidence of the Indian's good will. Young Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse, however, does not think that his home has been destroyed.

AT THE MISSION.

The Hostile Forces are Approaching Pine Ridge.

PINE RIDGE, Jan. 10.—[By the Associated Press.] A courier from the hostiles to Gen. Miles at 10:30 tonight announced that they had reached the Mission, about five miles distant, and that they would reach here tomorrow. The greatest uncertainty prevails here as to the outcome of tomorrow. The greatest precautions have been taken to guard against any surprises. The breastworks have been strengthened and artillery has been placed on a site commanding the friendly camp and the roads leading into the agency. Hotchkiss guns cover the other approaches, and detachments of the Seventh Cavalry and First Infantry are stationed at the most advantageous points. This afternoon pickets were sent out quite a distance from the agency, and the Indian police and scouts about the agency have been reinforced by a number of whites. It was deemed better to do this than to relieve the Indians altogether, as at first contemplated.

Gen. Miles and staff inspected all of the approaches and defenses this afternoon. Gen. Miles expressed himself as satisfied, and nothing now remains save to wait for what the arrival of the hostiles tomorrow may bring forth. It is learned late tonight that Gen. Miles does not contemplate disarming the Indians at present, and it is intimated that the disagreeable task will be left to the leaders of the various bands. Couriers in today from Gen. Brooke and the command on White Clay Creek brought word that all were well, enduring the cold weather with patience.

This afternoon another squaw, who was wounded at Wounded Knee, died, and while she was being buried two more were brought to the agency in terrible condition. They said that they were wounded in the fight, dragged themselves off to a ravine and sheltered themselves the best they could during the blizzard. Since that time they have been crawling to the agency. They said that four other women and three men, all wounded, who started out with them, died on the road. The officers conducting the investigation at the Wounded Knee fight will complete their work tomorrow and submit a report to Gen. Miles, who will forward it to the President. To a correspondent of the Associated Press, one of the officers of the Seventh Cavalry said: "The story that we shot down women and children is a lie. The fact is nothing was left undone to save them. I heard many men cry, 'Don't shoot that woman.' The people who killed women and children were the Indians themselves." Fewer Indians came in today than any day this week. Gen. Miles has decided to separate the Gaglianos from the Brules when they come in, as the former are said to be strongly inclined to peace, while the latter are radical hostiles.

A CRISIS NEAR AT HAND.

Stirring Developments at Pine Ridge are Looked for Today.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 10.—[By the Associated Press.] The Post-Dispatch has the following special, dated today at Rushville, Neb.: The crisis has been reached and a general battle is looked for tomorrow. Circumstances are forcing a conclusion in hostilities and parleying will not be longer continued by either side. The Indians said yesterday that Gen. Miles must prepare to fight or get off the reservation. Gen. Miles, it is said, has given the Indians until tonight to surrender, and if they do not come in by that

time he will close in on them. This is made necessary by the condition of his men.

Those on the north side have been pretty well worn out with camp life in this bleak climate, and long, cold marches from one position to another. They cannot stand it much longer, unless matters are soon brought to an end. The Indians have no one to oppose them but worn out and frozen out soldiers who are unfit for duty. The condition of the soldiers has been exceptional, and they have borne their hardships without a murmur.

All last night signal lights were flashing between the Pine Ridge and Rosebud hostiles. Preparations are being made for a big fight, and every one here anticipates the bloodiest battle ever fought in this country. The wives and families of officers who are at Pine Ridge were sent East last night.

Buffalo Bill is reported to have said that the ball will open tomorrow.

THE NEVADA REDSKINS.

There is No Truth in the Reports of an Uprising.

VIRGINIA (Nev.), Jan. 10.—[By the Associated Press.] Johnson Sides, the Plute Premier, and the most intelligent and trusted man among the Nevada Indians, and Capt. Sam, whose jurisdiction extends over the Plute tribe in Western Nevada, deny the truth of the report that there is any danger of an uprising of Indians in this State. Johnson Sides says that the Indians here are too intelligent to begin hostilities. They are aware that they would get the worst of it. He says that should any of the young Plute bucks become restless they will be sent to the Pyramid Lake Reservation. In the opinion of Johnson Sides, Jack Wilson, the alleged Indian Measiah, located at Walker's Lake, is half crazy. He pronounces the rumor false that there is dissatisfaction among the Plutes in the vicinity of Fort Dermott.

EVERYBODY SHOOK HANDS.

POCAHELLO, Jan. 10.—A big powwow was held today at the Fort Ross Agency, on the Fort Hall Reservation, between leading chiefs of the Shoshones and Bannocks on one side and Adj. Gen. Curtis of the Idaho militia and Lieut. Fred Wheeler, Fourth United States Cavalry, on the other. The Indians were asked if they had any cause of complaint or proposed to make trouble with the whites. The Indians replied that they had no intention of causing trouble, but were anxious to work for themselves and keep peace with the whites. The conference closed with hand-shaking all around, and the Indians seemed much pleased at the result.

THE O'KANOGAN BRAVES.

A Serious Uprising Threatened in the State of Washington.

PORTLAND (Or.), Jan. 10.—[By the Associated Press.] The Oregonian's special from Olympia, Wash., says: Acting Gov. Laughton this afternoon noon received a dispatch from the County Commissioner of O'Kanagan county, dated at Connelly, and stating that on Thursday night one of the Indians implicated in the murder of Freight Coles a few weeks ago was taken from jail and lynched. The telegram also stated that a Catholic priest had warned the settlers that indignation ran high among the O'Kanagan Indians, who had held four councils, and it was likely that they would go on the warpath. The officers in conclusion asked for five hundred stand of arms and ammunition to arm the settlers. The Governor, after a consultation with Adj. Gen. O'Brien, decided to send 200 stand of arms tomorrow. The Governor then notified Brig. Gen. Curry of Spokane Falls that arms would be sent, and instructing him to see that they were delivered to the County Commissioner. Gov. Laughton also telegraphed Gen. Gibbon, commander of the Division of the Pacific, tonight, asking him to send a company of cavalry to the O'Kanagan country. It is expected that soldiers will be ordered from Fort Spokane.

AT TURTLE MOUNTAIN.

Lieut. Gray Asks for Arms for the Settlers.

MINNEAPOLIS, Jan. 10.—[By the Associated Press.] The Tribune's special from Grand Forks, N. D., says: At 4 o'clock this morning Lieut. Gray, of Troop B, stationed at Battineau, wired Adj. Gen. Devoy for arms and ammunition to arm the citizens of the Turtle Mountain District, as the Indians are threatening the settlers, and two hundred bucks from the Oak Lake Reservation are within ten miles of Battineau and reports of firing are heard in the night. The Oak Lake Indians advise the Turtle Mountain Indians to retrieve their lost hunting ground.

A PACIFIC REPORT.

The Indian Bureau has a dispatch from Agent Augh at Devil's Lake stating that there is no danger of trouble at the Turtle Mountain Agency. A communication was also received from Agent Palmer at Cheyenne River Agency, highly commending the Indian police and the agency farmer for services rendered among the disaffected Indians.

DIED.

ANNAN—In this city, J. W. Annan, assistant engineer U. S. A., of cerebro spinal meningitis, aged 31 years.

Woolley—William Riley Woolley, January 10 at 3:00 p. m. at residence of his mother at 2414 E. First St. Born January 11, 1851, at Milwaukee, Oregon.

DUBOURDIEU—In this city, Bernard Dubourdieu, a native of France, aged 55 years. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral at 2:30 p. m. Sunday, from residence, 1613 St. John st.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength. U. S. Government Report, August 17, 1889.

REITER'S CASE.

HE BELIEVES THAT HE HAS BEEN UNJUSTLY CENSURED.

A Letter from the ex-Commander in Reply to Secretary Tracy's Rebuke—He Demands a Thorough Investigation.

By Telegram to The Times.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10.—[By the Associated Press.] The following letter has been directed to the Secretary of the Navy by Commander Reiter, U. S. N., who was severely censured by the Secretary for his conduct in the Barundia affair:

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Jan. 8. SIR: I have to acknowledge the receipt of the Department letter of the 31st of December, 1890. The letter was mailed in Washington on the 6th day of January and received by me on the 7th. It was forwarded by the press of the United States on January 1 and 2. An extract from it, containing the most severe censure of the department appears in the press of the country today. The letter then became to the general public, unfamiliar with the true facts of the case, a severe "public reprimand" to me, a punishment which can only be legally inflicted by the sentence of a naval general court-martial.

I was detached from the command of the Ranger by a Department Order on the 20th of September, 1890, and this letter is the first written statement of the department's ground of action. Extracts from it having been given to the press before I could possibly reply to it, I now content myself by simply declaring that when in command of the Ranger on the occasion in question I was in no way culpable, but discharged my whole duty; that I had no desire nor did I endeavor to escape any responsibility attaching to my position, and do not now fear the most searching inquiry in regard to my action. As I regard your letter as unjust, undeserved and unwarranted, I have to respectfully demand, what is clearly my right, namely, trial before a naval court.

GLADSTONE WRITES A LETTER.

The Irish Party Has Vindicated Itself by Repudiating Parnell.

LONDON, Jan. 10.—[By Cable and Associated Press.] Gladstone has written a letter to Furness, Liberal candidate for Hartlepool to succeed the late Thomas Richardson. Gladstone says: The Irish party yesterday vindicated itself by putting an end to the leadership of Parnell. Gladstone has written a letter to Furness, Liberal candidate for Hartlepool to succeed the late Thomas Richardson. Gladstone says: The Irish party yesterday vindicated itself by putting an end to the leadership of Parnell. Gladstone has written a letter to Furness, Liberal candidate for Hartlepool to succeed the late Thomas Richardson. Gladstone says: The Irish party yesterday vindicated itself by putting an end to the leadership of Parnell.

PARNELL'S LIMERICK ADDRESS.

DUBLIN, Jan. 10.—Balfour's land relief fund now amounts to £17,000.

The Freeman's Journal announces that the Executive Committee of the National League of Great Britain recommends the dismissal of all league agents supposed to be in sympathy with Parnell. Parnell, accompanied by several trusted lieutenants, passed through here on his way to Limerick, where tomorrow he is expected to make one of the most memorable addresses in the history of Irish politics. Over a dozen special trains are conveying crowds of people to Limerick, and strong detachments of police are being sent there in anticipation of a disturbance.

A ST. LOUIS PHYSICIAN.

He Tests a California Production—His Report.

A St. Louis gentleman whose affliction was sick headache was so surprised at the cure effected by Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla, that he called it to the attention of a relative, who happened to be none other than Dr. F. A. Barrett, the well-known St. Louis physician of 2623 Broadway Street. The doctor saw at once that it differed from the potato preparations in that it was purely vegetable, and becoming interested in it, began a series of investigations, and in a subsequent letter candidly admitted its curative properties, and says:

Wishing to test its virtues further, I used it in my own family, and prescribed it for patients who required a general system regulator. As a result, I can say it is an almost absolute cure for constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, indigestion, and sick headache. These troubles usually come from a disturbed condition of the stomach and bowels, and Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is the best laxative and stomach regulator I have ever seen, and as a general system corrector is almost perfect itself.

(Signed) F. A. BARRETT, M. D., 2623 Broadway St., St. Louis.

Go to Arrowhead H-t Springs and have that condition cured with hot mud (magnetic sand).

R. D. LIST, Notary Public. Legal papers carefully made. 155 W. Second. Tel. 730.

Cheap Lands.

Three thousand acres of land for sale at auction, Wednesday, January 14, 1891. Don't fail to secure a cheap home. The poor man's chance. Inquire for particulars at office of Lankershim Ranch Land and Water Company, 151 South Broadway. See advertisement on third page.

California State Series School Books, and others, at Langstatter's, 238 S. Spring, opposite Hollenbeck Hotel.

CALIFORNIA Fruit Syrup

Is a compound of pure herbs with prunes, figs and other fruits, forming a pleasant laxative tonic. Removes and cures Indigestion, Habitual Constipation, Piles, Biliousness and Headache, and purifies the blood. Is pleasant to take, and is the best family remedy ever produced. Sold in bottles, 50c and \$1. For sale by all druggists. Be sure to ask for California Fruit Syrup. The name is on the wrapper. Do not be persuaded to take anything else. This caution is given to prevent disappointment.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE CALIFORNIA FRUIT SYRUP CO., San Francisco and Los Angeles, Cal. Sole Agents for Los Angeles, F. W. BRAUN & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Los Angeles.

HOTEL DEL

For the sum of Eleven Dollars you can take the round trip and enjoy the pleasure of board and room for two and a half days, at the most remarkable and magnificent hotel in the world, also entrance to the Grand Ball Saturday evening, and to the Sacred Concert on Sunday, with free transportation from depot to the hotel, and return.

Trains leave Los Angeles at 8:15 a. m., Saturday, January 17, returning on Monday, at 4 p. m.

Tickets for sale by Chas. T. Parsons, Santa Fe office, 129 North Spring Street, also at the First St. depot, Ed. Chambers ticket agent.

Printed matter and information to be had at the Coronado Bureau, 123 N. Spring St.

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TENTH YEAR.

LOS ANGELES, SUNDAY, JANUARY 11, 1891.—TWELVE PAGES.

PRICE: Single Copies 5 Cents.
By the Week 3 Cents.

SURROUNDED BY REDS.

Gen. Howard Describes a Desperate Fight.

FOLLOWING UPON A MASSACRE

The Only Spring of Pure Water Held by the Enemy—Final Defeat and Pursuit of the Red Men.

(COPYRIGHT, 1891—FOR THE TIMES.)
The present situation among the Sioux reminds the writer of a closely-contested battle of 1877, of which he formed a part.

Take the map of the country and find Lewiston, which is situated at the junction of the Clearwater with the almost interminable Snake; then let the eye run easterly a distance equivalent to seventy miles till it crosses the south branch of the Clearwater; there, due north from the village of Mount Idaho, you reach a rough, uninhabited plateau. That plateau was the battle-ground. There, between a dry cañon and the Branch, occurred the fierce combat between some 500 Nez Percés and about the same number of United States troops. The young chief, Nez Percé Joseph, led the Indians.



Chief Joseph.

Though the Nez Percés had never before had a war with the white men, boasting of never having shed a white man's blood, they had frequently waged contests with more eastern tribes. They were superb horsemen and had so trained these ponies that, like shepherd dogs, they would understand and obey their owners. These Indian horsemen were probably the best-mounted skirmishers in the world at the commencement of the Nez Percé war.

The war began in a series of massacres, which the Indians committed in the region around Mount Idaho. The white women and children who were wounded in the outbreak, but not fatally, were gathered into that stricken village. Joseph at the same time, in the low ground of the Whitebird Cañon, assembled all the Indians who would join in the war. His men were then variously estimated to number from three to seven hundred. Gen. Howard, providentially at Lapwai when the frightful news came, sent forward under Col. Perry two troops of cavalry, with instructions to check the hostiles and stop the murders. Meanwhile, with the intention speedily to follow, he himself was hastily bringing together at Lapwai from the various posts the soldiers of his department. Perry had but ninety men. He made a forced march through Grangeville to the Whitebird Cañon, attacked the Indians at once, but suffered a mortifying defeat. He lost in the fight and retreat over a third of his men, killed outright; of those hit only the slightly wounded escaped death, for at this time the Indians were killing all their prisoners.

As soon as the general had collected a sufficient force he marched against them, drove Joseph down the Whitebird Creek and forced him to cross to the west side of the Salmon River. Then with considerable difficulty he crossed his own command into that same country between the Salmon and Snake, which is as rough and rugged as Switzerland, and immediately set himself to follow the Indians' trail. They had hurried down the left bank



The charge.

of the Salmon, over the mountainous crags toward the mouth of that swift river, and without hesitation recrossed the mad stream at Craig's ferry. Our troops, unlike the Indians, who swim their plucky ponies and drag their skin rafts after them, were here obliged to delay for two or three days constructing and attempting to use a large timber raft. But meanwhile the general had sent back on his Lapwai route the regular cavalry, part of which was to hold Norton's ranch and part to bring up supplies from Fort Lapwai. Eleven cavalrymen out from Norton's to reconnoiter. It was just after Joseph and his Indians, having got over Craig's ferry were turning back to pass between Norton and Grangeville, and aiming further north toward Kamiah. The Indians evidently surprised the lieutenant and his party, and without mercy massacred them all. Again, seventeen mounted volunteers

about the same time set out from Mount Idaho to go to Norton's, when they also were cut off by a swarm of savage warriors and several of them were slain. Gen. Howard about this time lost his new raft in the wild torrent, and could not effect a crossing just then, through an Indian messenger, James Rueben, who swam his horse across the fierce river, he heard of the state of matters at Norton's and vicinity, and as the best thing to do turned back on his trail, and by the help of a few skiffs recrossed the Salmon and Whitebird. The pack-horses and mules, held by their halters, would follow a skiff four or five at a time, but would take the water in no other way.

Forced marches were now made by the troops to intercept the Indians. A small number of volunteers, which the general had sent back before him across the Salmon by the Rocky Cañon, now pushed on boldly after the hostiles, who appeared to be moving toward Kamiah. The savages soon stopped to gather food and new recruits from the Lapwai Reservation, for their reputed success was fast bringing to them the hesitating. They pitched their lodges in the valleys along the Clearwater near the mouth of the Cottonwood creek. The volunteers cautiously avoided them, ascended Round Hill, a high butte in the neighborhood, and put themselves on the watch. During the first night, however, a party of Indians stole their horses, setting about forty of them on foot, but did not undertake to further molest them. Gen. Howard had already sent word by a daring officer to these volunteers to stay there quietly while he was working his troops around the Indian camp by the way of Jackson's bridge, with a view to get beyond the entire hostile force and, if possible, compel Joseph to accept battle. The 10th of July was a busy day. Country wagons were used to carry a third of the infantry at a time while the rest were marching. That day by this help they made thirty-eight miles, the longest one day's march of the campaign. The command crossed the south branch of the Clearwater and encamped between that and the main river at Wall's farm. This place was at least a dozen miles beyond the Indian lodges, on the northeastern edge of the wild, rough plateau, before named, where the battle was destined to be fought.

Joseph Whitebird, Hool-hool-sute, Olcut, Joseph's tall brother, and Looking-glass, who had just joined after being for some time neutral, agreed in council that they were now strong enough to engage the main force. They knew now from what direction their enemies would approach them. They would get together, all mounted, conceal themselves in the deep valleys of the Cottonwood, the Clearwater branch and the neighboring cañon, and be ready to run up the valley of the branch toward the East and make an attack at the word. Each chief had his men told off. The women, like regular quartermasters, cared for the baggage and the herd of spare horses, and were always to keep well back from the thick of the contest and stay where the lodges were pitched. Joseph, just before the battle, was confident of victory.

Now turn to the little column of white men, a few troops of horse, a few companies afoot, three howitzers



The Indians were coming back.

and a Gatling gun, all told, less than a single regiment of the Rebellion. With scouts well ahead and covered with skirmishers, they moved quietly along the unused trail; they hunted their way slowly through an extensive forest; they probed the ravines and crown the few bare hills, till about noon, they emerged into comparatively open ground. Lieutenant Fletcher, temporarily on the staff, takes a sudden impulse to join his field-glass. He gallops off to join the headmost scout. A few hundred yards being gained, standing on a knoll to the left of our path he catches the first glimpse of the Indians.

The general then dispatched an aide to Capt. Trimble with the instructions: "Take your troops and push straight on westward to the river and watch out in that direction." The aide went with Trimble to scout the peninsula. Gen. Howard then rode over to Fletcher and saw plainly numerous mounted Indians in motion. They seemed to have just discovered his approach and were taking on a shadow of formation. As the general was looking he said: "Let the column keep well closed up and come forward quickly." Soon the four pieces of artillery were at Fletcher's knoll, and Lieut. Otis, commanding them, was firing, endeavoring to reach the masses of Indians that engaged his attention. Our little column on the trail hurrying forward had well nigh passed the deep cañon and the cross ravine near it and were coming together on the flat plateau opposite the mouth of the Cottonwood, when it was discovered that the Indians were galloping back, as fast as they could, up the main branch on both shores, mostly concealed by the high banks. Their leaders turned to the left into the grand cañon and were passing at a run and into a cross ravine, which gave them good cover. Of course the troops, to confront them, must now face about, being long and thin—and with Indians numerous enough to encircle our whole front, the night was cheerless indeed. New barricades were constructed on both sides. The Indians were noisy, and like Goliath of old, frequently defied their foes. Many of our officers risked their lives by going in the night to the spring to bring back water to refresh their men, greatly encouraging them. In the day time it had not been safe to pass from one part of our line to another. To avoid a shot, our officers found that they must creep like children to, and from the front. One hearty officer, Capt. Pollock,

made to believe that the Indians were trying to escape, for Chapman, the guide, had said: "They cannot get away except by the big cañon back there." Now Chapman's error was evident; they were not escaping. At once we took the offensive. The small battery went back at a double-quick. It was guarded by the troop of Capt. Winters. Winters galloped around the head of the cross ravine, and there, just beyond the bluff down in the low ground, he found some Indians already dismounted, hiding and waiting. Instantly dismounting his men, he put them into line, while the horses were led back by a few troopers. The firing began at once. Carbines and rifles cracked, Gatling guns rattled and the howitzers boomed away. Meanwhile several mounted Indians, striving to keep beyond the range of the guns, kept extending their line until it became a great enveloping curve. Col. Mason, the inspector, seeing how useful it was to lengthen our bending line, hurried up Capt. Burton's company of infantry. It quickly took Winters' place, pushing his troop off to the left.

The first Indians that came out of the cañon—we would call them flankers—succeeded in disabling two mules that were loaded with howitzer ammunition, and they killed the packers in charge. By this time Capt. Whipple and Perry had dismounted their cavalrymen and prolonged Winters' line so much that they could cover the fallen mules by a rapid fire; and so they saved the ammunition from capture. A brave messenger had during the mêlée guided the main supply train till Capt. Wilkinson, aide-de-camp, came to help him. They successfully massed the train near the cavalry horses, and well beyond the hostile fire. Just as speedily as it could be done, Trimble was brought back and all the remaining companies were put into position. Our line had now its infantry on the right, and next in succession its artillery and cavalry, all acting as infantry. It was a thin line, shaped like a crescent. The Indians by a long curved line, less continuous, fully enveloped ours.

Joseph and his warriors executed their movements without hesitation. Opposite our right they were lower than we behind rocks, logs and trees. They there constructed some rude barricades. At most other points they found shelter and were usually out of sight. Near our left flank upon a small hill one Indian early in the contest purposely exposed himself to view, throwing up his red blanket defiantly, as you might unfurl a flag, and leaping about with it from point to point. At that time we had an occasional sight of others in the edge of a neighboring wood. Our enemy distributed his best snipers at various points. One group was so located as to command our only spring of water, which was situated some distance out from our left. The river behind us was so far down and so much exposed to skirmishers from the other bank that nobody ventured there. This hemmed us in with a few scattered snipers and fighting with all the fierceness of Arabs, without drinking water, and with every man posted in a defensive line, the situation in the beginning was, it must be confessed, not very encouraging.

In the afternoon several enterprising Indians crept furtively toward Capt. Bancroft's and Lieut. Haughey's companies; while Capt. Miles and Perry stretched out their battalions lines to fill the gap so created. It was fortunate for us, perhaps, that Joseph did not comprehend what we were doing, so made no attack while the companies were in motion. Miller at half-past two, the time designated, was ordered to start across the ravine held by the Indians. His entire command, in waiting, were filled with hope and expectancy, prepared to take up the parts assigned them, when lo, a big dust; it rose some two miles away toward the southeast.

It was Capt. Jackson's troop that had been coming from Fort Kamath with instructions to join us; they were escorting supplies. Immediately the expectant artillery battalion was ordered to push out and meet the coming cavalry. Miller moved at once and rapidly, taking the Indians by surprise, so that only moderate skirmishing arose when he was crossing the lines. It required, however, more than an hour to bring in the new troops, some fifty strong, and the provisions. Miller's column began to move quite a storm of bullets striking the ground around him. He had again passed the Indian line, and his men faced suddenly to his left and charged. Rodney's company having baited a moment, let the others pass, then followed some distance in rear to guard against the repeated attempts of the Indians to get around one flank or the other of the moving front. There was some obstinate resistance at Joseph's barricade, some rapid firing, but no Indian dream of such a rolling up. After a few more wild shots and a few bold but vain efforts to gallop around Miller's command the Indians gave way en masse and began to run down the ravines and the steep slopes to the Clearwater Branch, and then to wade or swim to the other shore.

More quickly than one can tell it our force had taken up the pursuit, the infantry, artillery and Winters' troop on foot and the remaining cavalry on horseback—that is, all who had time to get to their horses and mount. The Gatlings fairly flew to the river bluff, with Jackson's troop abreast of them in lively support; there they opened a brisk fire on the retreating hostiles. The howitzers, a little later, came galloping to the same heights with Trimble's men close behind them; and they threw their bursting shells into the living ravine and amid the waiting lodges beyond the river. The fugitives mainly went back by the routes they had come, down cross ravines into the large cañon, and thence out into the river; but some tumbled over the rocks and crags and sped, mounted or dismounted, down the roughest inclines, till the river was alive with wading crowds of frightened ponies and Indians. It was now simply flight and pursuit. Everything except the cannon and packs took the foot-paths or water-courses to get first to the branch. The Indians gained the south bank by the time the cavalry got to the other. The women and the herds were already in full retreat, when the warriors overtook them, running up every hollow that led from the river; when, suddenly a host of warriors, all mounted, appeared to be turning back and getting ready for another fight. This considerably disturbed the commander of the cavalry. Perry and his men stopped as they emerged from the water on the Indian side. As they had halted they were ordered to ferry over the footmen,

whom Capt. Miles commands for bravery, when asked how he, so large a mark, had passed from the center to the flank of his company, answered in a half whisper, "Oh, being too fat to crawl, I rolled."

Matters were yet substantially unchanged at dawn, except that an offensive plan had been promulgated. It was, first, to recover the spring; second, that every man should have his breakfast, not omitting a cup of coffee for each; third, to withdraw Capt. Miller's artillery battalion (all that were serving as infantry) from the front line. Fourth, at an hour appointed Miller was to form a column, move out southward, pierce the hostile curve and, when just far enough across, face to his right and roll up that line. The howitzer battery and all other troops were to support and follow up Miller's movement if it should be successful. But Joseph, seeming to anticipate some contrivance against him, had his own offensive plan. He set in motion a herd of ponies, some three hundred strong, and directed them across the space which was not covered by our troops. He did it doubtless with a view to stampede our animals and possibly break our ranks and terrify our men. They ran swiftly, as a herd of wild animals can, keeping well together, but were themselves turned from their straight course by the discharge at them of a few pieces; and they disappeared as suddenly as they came without doing us any perceptible damage.

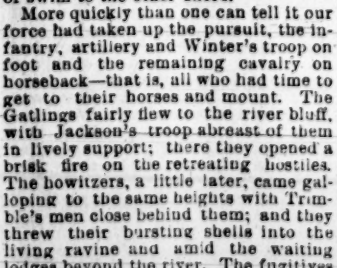
Our operation for the second day commenced about sunrise. Miller had Otis' battery so located as to shell the bushes and hollows in the neighborhood of the spring. Perry's and Rodney's men, who were waiting on foot in the distance, were ordered, at the command and with no little shouting, made a series of charges from hillock to hillock, till the ground was cleared of enemies far and near. Immediately picket posts were so chosen and occupied, that a man, going with a pail to the water could not be molested. The soldiers' little fires had started and camp kettles were steaming. The handy soldier cooks, sent from each company, made ready the hot coffee and warmed up the food, so that before two hours had expired officers and men had been cheered and refueled by a respectable breakfast. The third thing devised, to take away from the front several companies, was not so easy to execute. There was strong protesting: "Oh no, general, our lines are too weak already! It is not safe." But the general remained firm and shouldered all the risk. Capt. Miller then cautiously withdrew his four companies; while Capt. Miles and Perry stretched out their battalions lines to fill the gap so created. It was fortunate for us, perhaps, that Joseph did not comprehend what we were doing, so made no attack while the companies were in motion. Miller at half-past two, the time designated, was ordered to start across the ravine held by the Indians. His entire command, in waiting, were filled with hope and expectancy, prepared to take up the parts assigned them, when lo, a big dust; it rose some two miles away toward the southeast.



The Indians were moving.

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James Rueben, Indian scout.

charged; but Winters, Morris, Terry and Whipple quickly arrested these onsets, and sent the Indians back with severe loss. But as darkness came on our comrades did not take a very hopeful view of the field. Cut off from all communication with the outside world, our water supply still in the enemy's hands, with every fighting man on the line—a single one, long and thin—and with Indians numerous enough to encircle our whole front, the night was cheerless indeed. New barricades were constructed on both sides. The Indians were noisy, and like Goliath of old, frequently defied their foes. Many of our officers risked their lives by going in the night to the spring to bring back water to refresh their men, greatly encouraging them. In the day time it had not been safe to pass from one part of our line to another. To avoid a shot, our officers found that they must creep like children to, and from the front. One hearty officer, Capt. Pollock,

using their horses, as the water was rather deep and swift for a ford. This was done, but the Indian's return movement was brief; it was certainly a ruse, and a good one; for time was consumed by it; the terrified women and children were protected; and the cover of night soon more thoroughly sheltered all the fugitives from effective pursuit.

The abandoned Indian camp fell into our hands with robes, blankets, utensils for cooking and provisions of various kinds. The losses in killed and wounded were not so great as one would have supposed. They did not exceed on both sides a hundred people and were as afterward proved about equally divided. Over a hundred prisoners were subsequently gathered in and sent to Fort Vancouver as a result of this battle. It was by this remarkable contest at the Clearwater that the Northwest was for a time cleared of hostile Indians, but it inaugurated the long chase before mentioned. Another year of desperate war with the Banocks and Putes was necessary to procure and establish a permanent peace.

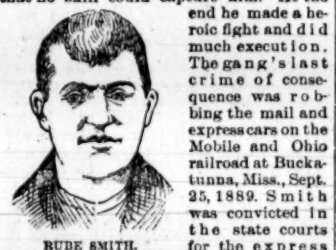
O. O. HOWARD,
Maj.-Gen. Commanding.

SENT UP FOR LIFE.

The Last of the Burrows Gang in the Penitentiary.

The last of the Burrows gang is lodged in the penitentiary at Columbus, O., a prisoner of the United States and sentenced for life. The gang really had but three permanent members. Of these, Rube Burrows was killed by the Mississippi A-floers while endeavoring to escape; Joe Jackson killed himself in the Mississippi penitentiary by jumping from a high platform and dashing out his brains upon the floor below, and now Rube Smith is "No. 21,846, for life," in the Ohio prison.

It was but yesterday that Rube Burrows was the terror of his section, and it seemed that no skill could capture him. At the



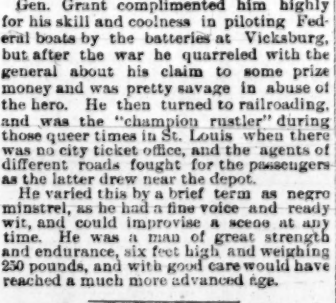
RUBE SMITH.

end he made a heroic fight and did much execution. The gang's last crime of consequence was robbing the mail and express cars on the Mobile and Ohio railroad at Buckatuna, Miss., Sept. 25, 1889. Smith was convicted in the state courts for the express robbery and sentenced to ten years in the Mississippi penitentiary, but soon after the Federal court for that state found him guilty of the mail robbery and sentenced him for life, whereupon, of course, the state surrendered him.

With him were eight other United States prisoners en route to the Michigan penitentiary, which also "receives" for the Federal government. The four marshals in charge were not only "well heeled," keeping their pistols in front ready for instant use, but had Rube Smith chained down to helplessness. "He's quicker" in a wildcat and a dead shot; we take no chances on him," was their explanation. He still asserts his innocence.

Had an Excellent Life.

Joseph F. Gibbs, familiarly known as "Old Joe," who died recently at Kansas City, was long a prominent railroad man, and one of the most interesting of the many remarkable characters developed by our American systems of travel. He was first a sailor of wide experience, then an overseer, and next a daring river man before he became a railroader. He was born on a farm near Sterling, Mass., about seventy-three years ago, and ran away, at the age of 13, to go as cabin boy on a New Bedford whaler. In due time he became an able seaman and visited many parts of the world. His good memory and an aptitude for languages enabled him to acquire many dialects, and in later days he often amused his friends by character sketches in Zulu, Kanaka, etc. After



JOSEPH F. GIBBS.

a brief experience as an overseer he ran as mate and then as captain on the Mississippi, and won a high reputation for courage during the war.

Gen. Grant complimented him highly for his skill and coolness in piloting Federal boats by the batteries at Vicksburg, but after the war he quarreled with the general about his claim to some prize money and was pretty savage in abuse of the hero. He then turned to railroading, and was the "champion rustler" during those queer times in St. Louis, when there was no city ticket office, and the agents of different roads fought for the passengers as the latter drew near the depot.

He varied this by a brief term as negro minstrel, as he had a fine voice and ready wit, and could improvise a scene at any time. He was a man of great strength and endurance, six feet high and weighing 220 pounds, and with good care would have reached a much more advanced age.

A Banker.

Deborah Powers, the senior partner in the bank of D. Powers & Sons, Lansingburg, N. Y., is the oldest banker in the country, being 99 years of age. She is in full possession of her faculties, and her business shrewdness is as remarkable as it was a generation back. She established and maintains the Deborah Powers Home for Old Ladies in Lansingburg. She has been engaged in the banking business over a dozen years.—Northwestern News.

A New Singer for New York.

New York churchgoers are soon to have an unexpected treat in the engagement of Miss Clara Poole, the celebrated contralto, who is to fill an important place in the choir of the Episcopal Church of All Angels. Miss Poole was the leading contralto of the Handel and Haydn festival of April, 1890, it being her second successive engagement with that organization.—New York Letter.

Man and Wife Are One—Fangle!

What did you buy for a Christmas present for your wife, Cusmo? Cusmo—A box of fine cigars. "The Indian side, does she?" "No, but I do."—[Epoch.]

HOW PEGLEG GOT A JAG.



Courage of Women to Have a Magazine.

The College of Women is about starting a quarterly. It is to be called The Outlook, and the first number will appear in January. It is to be published in the interests of the higher education, and will be run by Boston women. Margaret B. Dodge, the editor, hails from Boston university, as does Emily H. Bright, the business manager. The college girls are ambitious in their programme. Miss Dodge tells me that she does not expect to compete with the surface organs or with the magazines devoted to bibles and better cakes, but that The Outlook will promote "unity of aim and action among cultivated women, acquaint society with the strength of the women's educational movement and collect and classify material concerning it." There's room, say the knowing, for a new magazine once in fifteen years, but if you're looking for courage you'll find it among worshippers of that amiable fetiche, the college bred woman.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Successful Telegrapher.

Miss Nelly Kelly, of the Ohio State Journal, at Columbus, is a regular "first wire" operator of the Associated Press and receives \$20.50 a week, the same salary that is paid to first wire men. She is said to be the only telegraph woman in the country holding such a place. At 5:30 every afternoon Miss Kelly takes her seat upstairs in The Journal office. In front of her is a typewriter, and close behind her is the eternally clicking "first wire" of the Associated Press. As fast as the receiving instruments clicks, Miss Kelly copies its messages on the typewriter in the shape of neat "copy" for the paper, taking 15,000 words a night. At 2:30 a. m. she rises from her typewriter beside the telegraph instrument, draws a sigh of relief and goes home, alone and safe. She has never missed a night, and The State Journal praises her work in the highest terms.—Photographic Magazine.

Girls at Symphony Rehearsals.

The girl with a big violin, the girl with her knitting, the restless girl who flits about the audience, the girl with a low necked dress on a winter afternoon, the superior girl with four books and a German dictionary—these are a few of the girls seen at a symphony rehearsal. Boston Transcript.

A Merchant.

The oldest and largest mercantile establishment in Huntsville, Tex., is managed by a woman. The house, representing a capital of \$250,000, was founded over forty years ago by the late Mr. Sanford Gibbs, who requested that his wife should continue his business.—Exchange.

THEY PLAYED INJUN.

Tommy the Agent and Johnny the Big Chief.

THE ROLE OF UNCLE BENJAMIN

He Was the Great White Father at Washington and Quelled an Outbreak with a Shingle.

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Little Tommy had gone out into the country to spend a few days at the house of his Uncle Benjamin and to furnish cheerful companionship for Ben's youngest boy, Johnny. His rustic relations received Tommy kindly; little Johnny showed him all the sights of the farm, and taught him many innocent games.

On the afternoon of the second day the two boys stood in the lee of the barn throwing snowballs at Uncle Benjamin's hens. It was a very chilly afternoon, especially for the hens. Suddenly little Tommy exclaimed: "Let's play Injuns!"

"Bully," said little Johnny, "and I'll be the great chief of the Sioux, Young-Man-Not-Afraid-of-Rat-Poison."

Tommy offered no objection, and the simple country lad thought it was very kind of his cousin to thus yield up the principal role without protest. He quickly armed himself with a wooden tomahawk, got some red ochre for war paint, leaped on the rooster for feathers, and made a scolding knife out of the handle of a dipper, after which he said: "Whoop! Let the pale face beware, for Young-Man-Not-Afraid-of-Rat-Poison is on the war-path."

"I'll be the agent," said Tommy, "and you must call me in the Indian tongue, Fat-Man-With-Boodle-in-His-Clothes."

"We'll play that this is the reservation," said Johnny pointing to a sunny spot; "it's good snow-balls here, which will be handy when I get ready to make an attack on the agency."



Frozen on the reservation.

"Oh, no," said Tommy, "the reservation is on the other side. This is the agency." Then he led Johnny to the northeast corner of the barn, where it was colder than Siberia, and made him sit down on the bottom of a bucket, which was frozen into the ground. The wintry wind whistled through little Johnny's hair, and he remarked: "Say, it is going to be the reservation, there'll be an attack on the agency in about a quarter of a minute."

"Oh, that's all right," replied Fat-Man-With-Boodle-in-His-Clothes; "it is the duty of the Government to furnish blankets for the redskins."

So little Tommy went into the barn and got two blankets—a fine large one for himself, and a thin one full of holes for the poor Injun. Young-Man-Not-Afraid, etc., kicked very hard at this distribution, and he wound up with a loud warwhoop and the announcement that the attack on the agency was about to begin. But when he would have arisen in vindictive vengeance, he discovered that he was immovably attached to the bucket. He was frozen to the reservation.

When little Tommy perceived this condition of affairs, he at once pointed out the fact that it was all in the game. He believed in playing games right down to the sold fact, and he had read of many cases where similar but more extensive misfortunes had happened on the boundless prairies. Then Tommy made up a large quantity of hard snowballs, and played that he was a company of cavalry attacking an Indian village. Young-Man-Not-Afraid-of-Rat-Poison buried his tomahawk, but as he could not go to get it again and the attacking force would not come within reach of his scolding knife, he was thereafter defenseless, and was massacred several times. Little Tommy taught him how to sing the death song, and insisted upon his bearing torture without tears.

Then little Johnny shrewdly suggested a change in the game.

"Don't the agency furnish the Injuns with rations?" he asked. Fat-Man-With-Boodle-in-His-Clothes admitted that there were treaties to that effect.



Let the Fat-Man-With-Boodle-in-His-Clothes make restitution.

"Well, you go in and get me to give you some gingerbread," said Johnny. "I'd do it myself if I wasn't frozen to this blamed bucket."

So little Tommy went into the house and explained to little Johnny's mother the nature of the game they were playing. On behalf of the poor Indian, who was obliged to pitch his wigwam on the northeast corner of the barn, he begged a piece of gingerbread. As for himself, he did not care for gingerbread. It made his stomach ache. But Young-Man-Not-Afraid-of-Rat-Poison was hungry for it. Thereupon, Tommy's aunt broke off a large piece of gingerbread from a great brown sheet that was cooling in

the woodshed, and she remarked that it was very disinterested of Tommy to intercede for his cousin. As Tommy, himself, did not like gingerbread he might have a raspberry tart. Tommy got outside of the tart and then took the gingerbread to the reservation. Johnny was still sitting on the bucket and he seemed likely to remain there until the January thaw set in. His knees knocked together with the cold and he was endeavoring to arrange his torn blanket with the holes on the lee side, so that there wouldn't be so much draught through it. When he saw the smoking piece of gingerbread, tears of rapturous anticipation washed gullies in his warpaint.

"Go get some warm water and pour on the bottom of this bucket," said he, "and the Great Chief will come to the agency for his rations."

"It will not be necessary," said the agent. "Let the red man hunt the buffalo and coyote. The agent will take care of the rations."

Then he divided the gingerbread into two equal parts, one of which he put with the right side of his mouth and the other with his left.

"When does the great chief come in?" asked Young-Man-Not-Afraid-of-Rat-Poison.

"He doesn't come in," retorted the Pale Face; "he stays on the reservation."

The spectacle of the vanishing gingerbread was too much for little Johnny. He had not realized before how hungry he was; but now every time the agent took a bite the Red Man of the Prairie felt the emptiness within him growing vaster.

When he shivered the front part of his body flapped against his spine like the forecourse of a ship in a calm roll. It was unbearable. With a wild war whoop, he sprang to his feet, leaving a liberal square of his trousers in the icy grasp of the bucket, and clashing his scolding knife with deadly ferocity, he bounded upon the unsuspecting agent. The battle was sharp, but victory quickly perched upon the standard of the Red Man. In about a minute the agent lay on his back in the wet snow, and Young-Man-Not-Afraid-of-Rat-Poison sat astride of him trying to saw off a handful of hair with the tin scolding knife.

"If Fat-Man-With-His-Mouth-Full-of-Gingerbread desires to save his hair," said the savage, "let him make restitution. Give up that gingerbread or I'll saw your head off!"

Under the circumstances Fat-Man had no choice. He gave up the gingerbread, and was afterward tied to the hitching post where an imaginary fire was built around him, and he was subjected to various tortures, some of which were not so imaginary as the fire. It was his turn to sing the death song, and he did it solitarily that Uncle Benjamin heard him, and came to the rescue. The situation quickly changed in favor of the Pale Face. Uncle Ben took the offender back to the reservation, and having found a large thick shingle, he applied it in a manner to make little Johnny regret the tenacity with which his natural protector had adhered to the bottom of the bucket. Meanwhile little Tommy picked up the remainder of the gingerbread and devoured it.

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A PERUVIAN YANKEE.

Senor Bacigalupi's Big Lima Business.

HE IS A JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES.

Among Other Things, He Runs the Only Illustrated Newspaper in South America—His Opera House.

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There are four daily papers published in Lima, besides several periodicals devoted to society matters and general literature. Most prominent among the latter, says Fannie B. Ward in the Washington Star, is a finely illustrated and well-conducted weekly, called El Peru Ilustrado, owned and published by Peter Bacigalupi, who is, by all odds, the most enterprising North American it has ever been my fortune to meet. As he is a very prominent character in Lima, and his career illustrates what foreign brains and energy may accomplish among these slow-growing Peruvians, I went one day to interview him. So busy a man as Mr. Bacigalupi, flying here, there, everywhere, attending to his dozens of "irons" that are all in the fire at once, it is no easy matter to find him, or when found to pin him down to conversation. But perseverance accomplished it, and here is the result: He was born in New York City in 1855, and consequently is now 35 years old. Though he never went to school after the age of thirteen, he speaks French, Spanish, Italian and English equally well.

When 18 years old he was employed by the New York Equitable Life Insurance Company in some humble capacity, where he remained six years. Then he drifted to California and at the age of 22 married a young lady in Oakland. Less than a year later, after a brief sojourn with his mother-in-law, he left in haste and sailed for South America. Landing at Callao early in April, 1878, he had exactly \$4 left in his pocket, and that was stolen before night. He found employment immediately and before many months became the confidential clerk of E. D. Adams, a prominent merchant formerly from the United States. Mr. Adams was so accommodating as to die soon afterward, leaving Mr. Bacigalupi in charge of the business, and within the year he married his late employer's widow, a Peruvian lady who then had five children. They now have a beautiful home, and the number of olive branches has increased to nine.

A GREAT CONGLOMERATION OF GOODS. In 1884 the old place of business was destroyed by fire, but nowise disheartened, Mr. Bacigalupi set up again in a better location and since then the amount of his sales has been something phenomenal. His goods are mostly from the United States, and comprise the greatest conglomeration ever collected under one roof. For instance, he has a large stock of books and stationery, drugs, soaps, lamps, clocks, silverware, jewelry, sewing machines, typewriters, photographic outfits, agricultural implements; in short, almost everything imaginable except dress goods. Sandwiched among these are Peruvian curios, from mummies to ancient pots and idols. Beside his enormous trade as a forwarding and commission merchant, whose radius extends in some directions to almost every part of South America, the United States and Europe, he is himself a photographer of no mean ability and his agents are everywhere making those scenic views that travelers delight to purchase. He has long had the Peruvian agency of the Domestic Sewing Machine Company and commenced business the first day by selling 150 machines to the president of the republic, who distributed them among the poor widows of soldiers who fell during the last war. Since then he has sold thousands of machines. He is also agent for the Kennedy typewriter and has sold a good many of them in Lima. He introduced the first telephone into Peru and they are now in general use. He also introduced the first amateur photographic outfit, and in his place one may buy the kodak, hawkkey, Scovill's or almost any other.

MR. BACIGALUPI'S ENTERPRISE. During the late war Mr. Bacigalupi purchased two vessels, one of American make called Young America, the other English, named Union, and fitted them up as men-of-war. Through their agency and by the help of the Monitor he managed to make another fortune in coal and picked pork. Last year he built an opera house on the spot where the old theater was burned. It is capable of seating 2,000 persons and is one of the neatest, daintiest and most complete little theaters on the continent. His builder loves to boast that he put it up in sixty days, employing seventy-five workmen, and personally superintending the use of every inch of 150,000 feet of lumber. Mr. Bacigalupi's main business, however, the others being mere outgrowths and side issues, is that of a printer and lithographer. In his establishment ten Gordon presses, two large Campbell presses and a lithographic press, all moved by the only gas in Lima, and are kept constantly going. Sixty-five men and boys are employed in the printing department (six of them being Americans from San Francisco), and Mr. Bacigalupi is expert in every detail of the business, from type-setting to lithographing. His Peru Ilustrado has been a great hit, being the only periodical of the kind in South America. It is a thirty-six page paper, something the size and shape of Judge, but not at all inclined to the comic. It is profusely and well illustrated, published every Saturday and goes to every part of Peru, even to the village of Mayobamba, to reach which requires a thirty day's journey on mule back.

CHANGE IN PERU. To conclude, in Mr. Bacigalupi's own words: "In my office may be found all the newspapers published in South America, and many from the United States and Europe. Strangers are welcome to look at them whenever they like and my doors are always open to Americans, residents or tourists, whether they come for business or to kill time, and we are glad to furnish them with any information in our power respecting the country and its resources. I consider Peru a very promising field for energetic Americans, and would advise any with small capital to invest in some way in this country, for the course of capital is necessary to establish any business, anywhere, but a little goes much farther here than in the overcrowded United States."

I may add that Mr. Bacigalupi looks much more like the typical Spaniard than an Anglo-Saxon, being rather small and very dark, with intensely black eyes, set in so handsome a face

that is no wonder the wealthy widow Adams married him off-hand.

NEWSPAPERS AT 10 O'CLOCK AT NIGHT. The other newspapers of Lima are edited with considerable ability and contain telegraphic news from all parts of the world, besides choice selections and the effusions in prose and poetry of local literary lights, but their editors have a grandiose and flowery style, in wide if not ludicrous contrast to the terse, plain-spoken ways of American journalism. Most of the papers make their first appearance upon the streets about 10 o'clock at night and their names are yelled by the newsboys with all the vigor of New York gamins.

Late in the morning carriers deliver the same edition to regular subscribers. As an index to the state of trade, it may be mentioned that the newspapers have about two pages of advertisements to one of reading matter; but I am told that the rates are very low, and the merchants require editors "to trade out" the amounts.

KILLED BY A LASCAR. Horrible Tragedy on Shipboard—A Suddenly Widowed Bride.

The British clipper ship Buckingham, on her recent arrival at New York from Calcutta, was met by a party of Brooklynites who went down the bay on a tug to welcome Capt. Lyall and his bride. They were Capt. Larry Garrick, James N. Barr, of the Produce Exchange, and others who had seen the newly married couple start on a long voyage too hurriedly for wedding festivities, and proposed to give them a right royal welcome. Reaching the ship they found the flag at half mast and the late happy bride a widow. Capt. Lyall had been murdered on the voyage and his body consigned to the ocean.

The ship seemed to be laboring under a curse. Two men were in irons—Bhogwan Dhas, a Lascar, who had murdered the captain, and a Mauritian negro named Grose, who had tried to kill the mate. The case of the latter may be briefly dismissed, for the negro is evidently a lunatic; but the Lascar's case can only be understood after the case shall have completed its examination. His motive was apparently revenge, as the captain had punished him for neglect of duty, and he is evidently a person of the most malicious and murderous sort.

He had previously sailed with Capt. Lyall, and was this time taken on board at Dunde, where the ship touched on her return. Assigned to the galley, the Lascar did his work the first day in a sullen way, and the next morning refused to prepare breakfast for the starboard watch. The captain had him brought into the mess

room, where they were alone. It is just forward of the cabin in which Mrs. Lyall then was. She says she heard her husband tell the Lascar to lie down, and immediately after heard three groans, which she supposed to be those of the Lascar.

Two hours passed, then Chief Officer Christie entered the messroom and ran off on this sight—the captain on his knees, his face lying against the bulkhead, a corpse, and sitting by it the Lascar with a Malay "creese" in his hand. He had struck the captain four times on the head, literally slicing the skull to fragments. The mate seized the murderer by the throat and disarmed him, and when asked about the tragedy he coolly answered, "Yes, I kill him." The widow's first intimation of the tragedy was when she came on deck and saw the ensign union down and the sailors overcome with horror and grief. Her own agony can be imagined. The mate had been reversed to signal the nearest land in hope that the corpse and Mrs. Lyall might be put ashore there, but it proved impossible, and so the captain was next day consigned to the sea.

It is a strange coincidence that the tragedy occurred near the coast where Capt. Lyall and his wife were born and reared. They had been lovers in childhood, and when he found, in September, 1889, that his ship was chartered for the east, he telegraphed his betrothed, then Miss Maggie Reid, to come on to New York. They were married in October, at the home of Capt. Larry Garrick, in Brooklyn, the gentle man who organized and had the wedding coming party to meet them down the bay. They met instead a heartbroken widow and a maniac assassin.

THE COLORS OF CIGARS. One of the most interesting things to me, being an ex-member of the trade, is to study the simple little brands on the ends of the cigar boxes in the tobacconists' stores and wonder how many of the people who use the contents know the meaning of the word, "claro," etc. Nowadays a smoker calls for a light, medium or dark colored cigar as his fancy dictates. To the dealer, however, there is a nicer and more exact method of naming the shade. "Claro," for instance, stands for the lightest shade of all and is mostly found in the cheaper grade of twofers. About the palest in color of the ordinary cigar is the "Colorado." Then comes "Colorado Maduro," next "Maduro," and lastly "Oscuro," which is the darkest, heaviest cigar made. The "Colorado Maduro" and "Maduro" shades are the most sought for in the best grades of domestic cigars, while consumers of imported brands run to "Maduro" and "Oscuro."

It seems difficult to get

